

# Two Down Front

*Gilbert and Sullivan delighted their own times and hold their place today*



(Top) The termination of the Crimean War was fatal to Sir William Schwenk (there's one you didn't know) Gilbert's project of competing for a commission in the Royal Artillery. Which was just as well, for then he pursued the really important career of becoming half of a famous team. His associate, Sir Arthur Sullivan, was the only really popular English composer of his time

Right: There were lily-gilders even in those days. But at least for their burlesque of "Patience" they got Lillian Russell to justify it

Albert Davis Collection

Left: DeWolf Hopper's name is associated with the Gilbert and Sullivan pieces almost as inevitably as with that of Mr. Casey, the noted batsman. Here he is as Jack Point in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

Culver Service

Florence Vandamm

A couple of modish peers from ever-delightful *Iolanthe*



Left: Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., whose praise Great Britain loudly chants and so, you must remember, do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. Here portrayed by Thomas Whiffen, late husband of the grand old lady of the stage

Albert Davis Collection

Not even the wiles of three little maids from school can melt the iron dignity of one who carries so many cares and responsibilities as Pooh-Bah. A familiar group from *The Mikado*

White



De Mirjian Studios

Fay Templeton, called Little Buttercup, sweet Little Buttercup, though she can never tell why, casts a supercilious glance at William Danforth, a not so fearsome Dick Deadeye

White

Just one of those blissful moments from *Ruddigore* with someone about to burst into song

White

Right: Three of the lads and a lassie who helped to bring it about that a policeman's lot is not a happy one. *Pirates of Penzance* all working hard at it



# A Blow for Freedom

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Illustrated by NANCY FAY

*Jim wanted Sally to live on a budget—she who used her check-book stubs for telephone numbers!*

THERE was no one to tell Sally Calhoun, coming into her house still wet and dripping from her swim, still shaking and shivering from the icy water of early June, that she was crazy to risk pneumonia that way. There wasn't a soul to tell her anything, as she rubbed herself into a warm glow, and dressed, and thought of the coffee, already started, and the omelette she was going to make in the pan she'd set on the oil stove to warm as she passed through the kitchen. For the first time in her life she knew the glory and the peace of solitude, to be alone and not be lonely.

Freedom. That was what she had. And the gorgeous luck it was to have it! Luck. That was all. Luck, and laziness, indolence, the inertia people were always telling her was her curse. She hadn't been free, even here, at first. Not while Louisa was still with her. She never would have been free if Louisa hadn't had to go, at a day's notice, to take care of her sister's swarm of children.

She'd never known what freedom could be. How should she have known it? Not once, not for a day, not for an hour, all her life long, had she tasted the glorious feast of liberty.

This hadn't been planned. She'd promised Louisa she wouldn't stay alone, or Louisa wouldn't have gone. But, as usual, she'd just let things go. She'd waited to telephone until it was too late to get anyone. And overnight the revelation had come.

The luck, the shining, incredible luck of it! She fed upon her memories of that first day, as well as upon the omelette she'd taught herself, out of a book, to make. What an—an adventure chance had made of life. To know that she, Sally Page Calhoun, could stand alone. Cook an omelette. Broil a steak. Could improve on the French dressing

*It was on Sunday morning that she thought all these things out*

in the book, out of her own head!

She came out of the kitchen and drew a long breath as she looked about the big living-room. This place was sweet. She might buy it, perhaps, if Mrs. Blake ever wanted to sell. It was just what she wanted. The one big living-room, that made a perfect studio, with its long north window, the two tiny bedrooms! The roses climbing all over the walls outside! What people could do with a Connecticut barn if only they knew how!

It was all in a mess and a litter, now, the living-room. But it was a nice mess, a friendly, cheerful litter. She'd made it herself, and she'd clear it away when it was time and she felt like it. She hated tidiness when she was in the middle of a job of work. She liked abandoned sketches to be around. She liked the feeling of things half done. It urged her on, drove her, as no special delivery letters or telegrams or telephone calls could ever do.

Sally stretched her arms, luxuriously, and made a face at the half-finished canvas on the easel. Silly, it looked. A girl, quite a lovely girl, and a sort of ghostly outline of a young man. Dancing, they were supposed to be, but she couldn't do another thing about it till the model she'd hired the day before by telephone came. She wondered how he'd like pretending to dance with the dressmaker's dummy Louisa used for sewing while she painted him. Not that she really cared. She just wished he'd come.

SHE went to the door, and flung the top half open, and looked out. A man was coming across the field. The model. About time too. She saw him vaguely. White flannels. A model would, of course. He'd probably have stuff on his hair too, to make it stay down. The blond hair she'd specified. Well, he could wash his hair, whether he liked it or not. She turned back, to make

sure everything was ready. She wanted to get this outrage finished and out of the way and paid for. Her eyes strayed, guiltily, to a pile of copper plates that gleamed in the cool, fresh northern light. You did etchings, with a guilty feeling about your creditors, after you'd finished a job. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" she said.

The young man came in. The most beautiful young man, she saw at once. But—black hair—black as the ace of spades; brown eyes; lean and tanned and fit. Nice hair. Ruffled by the wind. Nothing ever had been put on it to make it stay down, she'd swear. White, gleaming teeth. Gorgeous, capable-looking hands.

"Oh, but this is too bad!" she said, crossly. "Did you think, by any chance, that I'd be color blind? You said you were a blond!"

He stood and stared at her. His mouth fell open.

"You won't do at all," she said, shrewishly. "You're not the type. I'm sorry you've come all this way for nothing, but it's your own fault. I told you I had to have yellow hair and blue eyes."

"But I—I mean—look here—" He came to life. "Who do you—what do you think I am?"

It was her turn to stare. Funny little chills began running up and down her spine. He—he wasn't the model. And that scared her. Because, she didn't care how attractive a model was,

